

## Essay Writers in History

Sometimes I try to guess what our era will be like to a person of the 21st century. It would seem that we already have the advantage over our ancestors that our technique has discovered some methods of more or less continuous time fixing. It is generally accepted that the best portrait of the century, created by the most impartial writer, will tell us less than the flickering flicker of some outdated, confused films. The method of modern cinematography, which would seem to give us an ideally accurate depiction of life, will probably be so different from the method used by our great-grandfather nephews that the movement of the current era in their perception (dim flickering at the crossroads the gut of cars that have disappeared forever) will be distorted from for the very style of the frame, because of the senile and ridiculous appearance that engravings depicting the events of the past century acquire in our eyes. In other words, our descendants will not have a direct sense of reality. A man will never be the ruler of time but how tempting to at least slow down his progress, so as not to slowly study this melting shade, this outgoing ray, this shadow, whose slipping velvet is inaccessible to our sense of touch.

A sunlit day, perhaps too hot; it will rain, I look out the window, I lean out into the yard, I want to go out of my time and paint the street in that retrospective manner, which will be completely natural for our descendants and which I envy so much.

The blue car stopped at the sidewalk. The sky, a bluish gouache, is reflected in the polished hood, and the chopped chessboard of the pavement heaved up and heels in the lacquered depth of the door. This car, the pavement, the clothes of passers-by, the special layout of fruits and vegetables in a corner display, two huge bay perchers tied into a furniture van, the buzz of an airplane over the roofs all this, put together, gives me a sense of real reality, the combination that will be possible tomorrow, but will fall apart twenty years later. I'm trying to imagine all this as a resurrected past, I'm trying to make out people walking dressed in yesterday's fashion, I almost manage to notice something in this car, I don't know that it's inferior, shapeless, which amazes us at the sight of some kind of carriage in historical museum. In vain experiments, causing a slight dizziness, an unusual displacement of space, as happens when you lie back in the sand, throwing your head back and looking upside down (the knee bends, the foot just repels the ground) and suddenly for a moment there is a visible sensation of gravity. But these moments are short, the soul is again captured by the habits of everyday life. And then you say to yourself: among the things that seem to have risen in the only order that creates this reality, there are those that last for a long time the fussy tweets of sparrows, lilac green falling on the fence, white chest and gray croup of a proud cloud sliding on the wet blue of the June sky.

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The greed with which we seek to seize time, to seize it, is reflected in the stress falling on the word "ours" when we speak of our era. The possession is ghostly, for time is running through your fingers, and today's generalization will not be true tomorrow.

The snow of the past, and not the marble of eternity, I would like to see and touch.

For in reality we have only a pale image, a lifeless body of time, which has gone forever. We study it so carefully, we put so many systems and convenient names on it that we are almost ready to believe: in the 13th century, people knew no worse than us that they lived in the Middle Ages.

We would be surprised to see what label a future historian will paste on the 20th century Tomorrow's man will explore the remains of today's man, but only the latter will be able to catch the

movements, colors, lines of his living body, whose skeleton is not visible to him. The historian of the present, the historian of the past both do not know much about time.

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All that we can say about our era is art rather than science. The philosopher who wrote a hard work two or three years ago, where he brought out a short skirt as a symbol of the era, should now feel like an idiot if he happens to look at fashion magazines or just look out the window. On the other hand, there are poets who believe that skyscrapers are the best that is available in modern times, while architects (namely, the opinion of a specialist are always important) tell us that the tendency of time is expressed more likely in the construction of small and low houses. That is why I am terribly afraid of the symbols (or symptoms) of what is commonly called "our era." Moreover, in every country there are idols.